

Children's Department.

IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough,
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school and street;
Then folding and holding I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box,
To depth of the deep, deep sea.

—Maud Wyman.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Editor:—I was appointed by our president to write and let the K. C. workers know that we are still alive and at work. I think we are taking part in a grand work. Both old and young take a part in the meetings and it makes them interesting for all.

Our society has been organized lately, but I think it is doing very well for so young a society. We have enrolled forty-eight members since March. The number is increasing, but slowly.
Cornell, Ill. IDA B. KLINZMAN.

(You surely have a very interesting and helpful society at Cornell. If you have enrolled forty-eight members in eight months, you have been doing something. We hope we may hear from you again before long.—ED.)

Dear Editor:—As I was appointed by the Junior K. C. to write, I will do so. We have a large Junior Society and a deep interest is taken in the work. Our pastor, J. L. Gillin, has just closed a successful revival meeting, which was followed by the Illiokota Convention. There was a good attendance at the convention, and many subjects were discussed.

As it is getting late in the evening, I will close. I will answer Clyde Murray's questions.

1. Saul was the first king of Israel. 2. Joseph was hated by his brethren and sold as a slave. 3. Absalom was the young man who considered himself wiser than his elders and who came to destruction.
JAY HOOVER.
Waterloo, Iowa.

(The answers to the questions are correct. Your letter is very interesting. Will you write again?—ED.)

Dear Editor:—My mamma, brother and I were visiting relatives at Carmel, and enjoyed our trip very much. We had the pleasure of attending the meeting there. Brother Shaver preached several nights before the communion. The result was, he baptized a cousin of mine. There was a large crowd present at the communion, and we had a very good meeting.

I will answer some questions asked in EVANGELIST No. 40. 1. Saul was the first king of Israel. 2. Joseph. 3. Absalom. I will also answer some given in No. 41. 1. Joseph, whose father's name was Jacob. 2. A coat of many

colors. 3. He became king of Egypt. 4. He gave his brethren the land of Goshen to dwell in. 5. His youngest brother was Benjamin:
Fisher's Hill, Va. VERNIE KELLER.

(You have written a very nice letter. We would like to receive another letter from you. The answers to the questions are correct.—ED.)

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

When I was a young lad my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was quite perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my companions at a game of marbles, but my father called me back again. "Stop, William" said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock quite as well as my father did. "William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must teach you to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles. "The Bible," said he "describes the years of a man to be three-score and ten, or four-score years. Now, life is very uncertain, and you may not live a day longer; but if we divide the four-score years of an old man's life into twelve parts like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years of every figure, when a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to thus spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My Great-grandfather, according to this calculation died at eleven, and my father at ten. At what time you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the word of my father.—From the Stanton Spectator and General Advertiser, printed in the year 1840.

A LITTLE SOLDIER.

A small boy only three and a half years old, living in New York, is the son of a soldier. His father and mother had promised him that he should see his father and comrades march on Decoration Day. When Decoration Day came this little boy's mother could not go. His father did not want to disappoint him. It was decided that his father should take him to a place in the line of the procession where a friend of his mother's had promised to meet him, and view the procession. When the small boy and his papa got to this place the lady was not there, and there was not time for his father to take him home. He put the small boy in front of a post, and said to him, "You must stand here until papa comes back. You must not leave here with any one. Stand still just where I put you until I come back. Remember, you are a soldier's son and must obey." There the small boy stood over an hour all alone. People puzzled by his loneliness in such a crowd spoke to him. To each one he answered: "I am waiting for my papa; he told me to stand here." There he stood, a little picket on duty, a little soldier in truth, though he did not wear a uniform. He had learned the first lesson of a soldier's duty—obedience.—Lutheran Observer.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME "PUSSY."

Did you ever think why we call the cat "Puss?"

Many years ago the people of Egypt, who have many idol gods, worshiped the cat. They thought that she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full, and sometimes only a little bright crescent, or half-moon, as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change?

So these people made an idol with the cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name which they gave to the moon; for the word means the "face of the moon."

That word has been changed to "Pas," or "Pus," and has come at last to be "Puss," the name which almost everyone gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. Whoever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?—Our Boys and Girls.

The mother asked little Dot to go into the next room, and see if the clock was running, for she had not heard it strike all the afternoon. Dot came running back, put her curly head into the door, and exclaimed: "Why, no mamma, de clock ain't a runnin'. It is dest stannin' still and a wagging its tail."—The Congregationalist.